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Dr. Jenifer Garnett.

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**HISTORY OF MEDICINE
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IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. Jenifer Garnett.

"The Beloved Physician."



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**HISTORY OF MEDICINE
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IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. Jenifer Garnett.

"The Beloved Physician."



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*Loving friends have expressed themselves so heartily
in reference to the life and death of Dr. Garnett, that
it has been thought best to preserve their kind words in
this form.*

JENIFER GARNETT, son of the late Thomas B. and Virginia M. Garnett, was born at Kalamazoo, Essex county, Va., January 25th, 1842. Reared in a happy home, in the midst of affluence and fine social surroundings, those qualities essential to true manhood—refinement, courtesy, generosity, courage, truth, honor—were early wrought into his character. At the beginning of the late civil war he was a student at the Virginia Military Institute, but promptly responded to his country's call and joined the army. He was twice captured and imprisoned. At the close of the war he chose for his life-work the medical profession. He entered the Medical College of Virginia, and graduated in the spring of 1867. Soon afterwards he married Miss Mary M. Tabb, and located in Richmond, Va. Then, amid many difficulties, by patient courage, steadiness of purpose, the most painstaking attention to his patients, his cheerful disposition, his uniform courtesy, and his unfailing kindness and sympathy, he gradually secured a high position and a large practice in a profession already crowded, but for which he seems to have been specially fitted by nature.

In the fall of 1863 he was baptized by Elder James Henshall, of the Christian Church, and united with the congregation worshipping at Horeb, in King & Queen county. Upon locating in Richmond he united with Sycamore (subsequently Seventh-Street Christian) church, and was elected to the office of deacon by that congregation. When the church now worshipping on West Marshall street was formed he united with that body. He subsequently became a deacon, and held that

office at the time of his death. He was always a highly-valued and dearly-loved member of this congregation.

He died at 5:15 o'clock on Wednesday morning, December 2d, 1885, after a protracted and painful sickness, which he bore with Christian patience. His funeral services, conducted by his friend and minister, Elder L. A. Cutler, took place at the Seventh-Street Christian church at 3:15 o'clock, Saturday, December 5th, in the presence of a large audience of sympathizing relatives and friends, and the representatives of the medical profession and the various Orders of which he was an honored member. He sleeps in Hollywood.

RICHMOND, VA., *March*, 1886.

“The Beloved Physician.”

IN MEMORIAM.

DOCTOR JENIFER GARNETT.

OBIIT IV NON. DECEM.,

MDCCCLXXXV.

ÆTATIS XLIV.

WILLIAM FAY PETTIGREW.

*Luke, the Beloved Physician.
Col. IV, 14.*

"As, often, in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race.

"So, brother, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee, what thou art, and know
Thy *likeness* to the wise below,
Thy kindred to the [good] of old!"

J. J. Garnett
In comparing the lineaments of that "likeness" with a view to their identification with those of "the good of old," I naturally revert to a brother of the profession—the companion, biographer, friend and co-worker of "the chiefest of the apostles." True, such a ~~companion~~ may suggest a standard too elevated and ideal for the humility of him who now sleeps in death; or, even the overweening estimate of personal friendship. True, also, as his own hand guides the pen with rare modesty and self-restraint, that we know little of the life, character and work of "the Third Evangelist."

His Master, however, with that rare *mastery of expression* for which all his compositions are so conspicuous, has condensed his biography into a phrase—a phrase, the descriptiveness of which, as applied to Dr. JENIFER GARNETT, none will question:—
"Luke, the beloved physician."

Few men have been more beloved by their friends; no physician, except among its transcendent names, more beloved by his patients and by his associates of the profession.

"Beloved by his patients"? What does that presuppose on his part?

1. Cheerfulness in the sick-room "that did good like a medicine;"

2. Sympathy for suffering, that was a perpetual strain and drain upon himself;

3. Human kindness, that by the sweet touches of a gentle nature "made the world kin;" and

4. The large participation of the spirit of Him, the Healer, who not only bore our griefs, but *carried our sicknesses*, and was "sent to bind up the broken-hearted—to comfort all that mourn"!

"*Beloved by the profession*"? Here, as elsewhere—"Love, the *gift*, is love the *debt*." What does that love on the part of his associates of the profession imply and presuppose on his? What the "force that held that costliest love in fee?"

1. *Esprit de corps*—a glowing, and yet continent, corporate sentiment;

2. The absence alike of contempt for inferiors and jealousy of superiors;

3. The acceptance and maintenance both of the ethics and etiquette of the profession—as of an inviolable code that had arisen from, and been confirmed by, the *common* sense, and *moral* sense, of men of culture and honor.

Yes! patients and professional associates will unite in con-
ceding as an epitaph for his tombstone:

"JENIFER GARNETT—

"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN."

Let me, in default of all biographical details, guide you to, and in,—

1. A *bitter-sweet meditation*—which *can* not, perhaps *ought* not, to be suppressed—viz.: The *untimeliness* of his death!

"*Unwisely*" to, and only to, our poor estimate of "the times and seasons which the Father hath put in his own power"!

1. "*Untimely*, in view of the age he had attained, only forty-three years! "*Untimely*," for

"The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory!

The autumn winds rushing,
Take the leaves that are searest,
But his flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest!"

"*Untimely*," did I say? No!

"Leaves have *their* times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Not "*untimely*," for "our times are in his hand"; "we are immortal till our work is done"; "*He* hath determined the times before appointed!"

2. "*Untimely*"—in view of *past* achievements and *future* prospects. I know no man to whom twenty years' of life were of more worth—to himself, to his family, to his fame, to his fortune, to his church, and to society—than Dr. GARNETT.

"*Untimely*"?

"Thy leaf has ~~finished~~ in the green;
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world, that credits *what is done*,
Is cold to all that *might have been*!"

perished

No, *not* untimely; for

"Here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is worked with tumult of acclaim!"

II. But we will not part with words of repining on our lips.
Let me point you to the fact that—

First, The close of his life was a tranquil twilight, a golden sunset, a calm "St. Martin's summer," and,

*Second, That his death was a *Euthanasia*.*

Both these, I am fully aware, are of lower grade than are usually enumerated as sources of consolation.

But (1.) These high sources of consolation—the hope of eternal life and a glorious reünion—are not ignored, and are the strong stay of those most intimately affected—are *the blessed "common-places"* of their life and thought!

(2.) Forgive me, then, if I appeal to a lower range of thought. The "lower," alas! is only the more likely, if also true, to reach and aid *us* whose "*souls cleave to the dust*."

I have said:

1. That the close of his life was "a tranquil twilight, a golden sunset, a calm St. Martin's summer."

As was to be expected from the nature of the disease, he suffered much throughout its course—suffering intense and paroxysmal, to which no medicaments, except blessed *anæsthetics*, could bring surcease! But, for more than a week before his death, pain had remitted or ceased. Yes! it was "a tranquil twilight," a "golden sunset," "a calm St. Martin's summer." But, from that halcyon period we may not lift the veil. Its tender confidences, its dying charges and benedictions, its clear-obscure atmosphere in which, he and his gazed "thro' golden vistas into heaven"—these are the heritage of the widow and the fatherless, and of the other mourners that stand in an inner circle—a memory and an inspiration, with which the stranger must not intermeddle!

I have said:

2. That his death was a *Euthanasia*!

We attach, perchance, too much consequence to the act and circumstances of death, as a presage of what is "after death."

Not the *death*, but the *life* of his saints, is the ground of hope towards God. The last whose mortal remains I consigned to the grave, was a sweet and gentle woman who perished in the fires of her own hearth—a hearth by which she had sat as a queen for nearly half a century as wife, mother, and widow! The *careat* I have entered is both true and important; but what a theme it is of devout thanksgiving to those that “sorrow most” when “the King of terrors” comes in milder guise! *His* death, I have said, “was a euthanasia.” Like the morning star of English Letters [Addison], he might have said, in no spirit of vain glory, “Come see a Christian die”! as, indeed, he did charge his sorrowing attendants: “Tell the church how I died”! “It is right—all right!” were, perhaps, his last intelligible words, ere he was “caught up into paradise!”

Nor did this *euthanasia* wholly vanish when the “vital spark” had “quit” his “mortal frame.” As I bowed, in reverence and in sorrow, even later, over all that was mortal of JENIFER GARNETT, I could not but recall the thanatopsis of a master:

“He who hath bent him o’er the dead
Ere the first day of death has fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that’s there,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality—
Yes! but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant’s power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last, look by death revealed!”

Yes! His death, in its *essence* and in its *accidents*, was a euthanasia!

“Let me die the death of the righteous!
And let my last end be like his!”

"He being dead, yet speaks!"

Brothers of the profession, patients of his tender care, friends
of all social circles, and brethren in Christ:

"The Beloved Physician greets you"—"greets you,"—"All
Hail!" and "Farewell!"

FAREWELL!

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise!"

WILLIAM J. PETTIGREW.

RICHMOND, VA., *December 4th*, 1885.

DR. JENIFER GARNETT was born in Essex county, Va., January 25th, 1842. During the war, while he was a soldier, he confessed his faith in Jesus as the Christ, and was baptized in obedience to the command of his Lord, and thus, enrolling himself as a soldier of the cross, began to fight in a nobler war the bloodless battles of the Prince of Peace. He attended lectures at the Richmond Medical College, graduated in March, 1867, was married to Miss Marianna Tabb in April of the same year, and began life and his profession. Step by step, he rose in his profession and in the estimation of the people, until he stood in the front rank, commanding the respect of all who knew him, and gaining a large and increasing practice. In the summer of 1884 his health became impaired, but none except his most intimate physicians suspected the existence of a disease which marches on with gradual and resistless power, and baffles the skill of the most eminent medical men. He continued to minister to the wants of his patients through the fall and winter, when his health appeared to be improved; but in the early spring it became apparent that he must discontinue his practice. Gradually his strength failed. His robust frame trembled under the touch and pressure of the disease which had fastened itself upon him, and week after week he grew worse. In compliance with the advice of friends and physicians, he rested from his work, and visited relatives and friends. But all to no purpose. His last visit was to Colonel E. E. Stickley and wife, of Woodstock, in the beautiful Valley of Virginia. This hospitable home, in which the Doctor and Mrs. Garnett were most welcome guests, he left on Saturday, October 3rd, and reaching

his own home, in Richmond, lay down in his bed, from which he was never to rise again. All that the highest medical skill could do, all that the tender assiduities of friendship could perform, were expended to stay the ravages of disease and mitigate the sufferings of his body. The nicest delicacies to tempt his appetite were sent. Beautiful and exquisite bouquets, tokens of friendship and sympathy, were brought every day, and most earnest and fervent prayers were offered by very many Christians, and particularly by the members of Marshall Street Christian church, for their suffering and beloved brother. But the end was drawing nigh. At a quarter past 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning, December 2nd, he fought the last battle, gained the victory, and went to his reward.

And so, in the prime of life, in the enjoyment of success in his profession, won by diligence and labor, in the full tide of splendid achievement, and in the glory of a noble manhood, he has been taken away. He has gone from a wide circle of friends who admired and esteemed him. He is a loss to the medical profession, which he adorned, and of which he was a most useful and honored member. He is taken from a church whose scriptural doctrines carried the convictions of his mind and enlisted the sympathies of his heart—from a church to which he was devoted, and from which nothing but a change of honest conviction of the truth could have driven him. He is gone from brothers and sisters, and the wider circle of blood-relations, who knew his character, prized his worth, and dearly loved him. He is gone from the little home-circle, where his presence was as a sunbeam, and his coming gave gladness.

He rarely failed to attend the worship of the Lord on the Lord's day. He made his arrangements to meet, if possible, with his brethren for the purpose of remembering his risen Lord. It was to him not only the performance of duty, but the enjoyment of privilege. In the passage, "They attended constantly to the Apostles' teaching, the fellowship, the breaking of bread and the prayers," and, "on the first day of the

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RICHMOND, VA.

DR. JENIFER GARNETT spent his early life amid the surroundings of an "Old Virginia Home"—surroundings which tended to cultivate the highest virtues and develop the loftiest manhood, and which have given to our country many of the noblest men whose names adorn its history. The disastrous civil war, which baptized our State in blood and swept away much that was brightest and best in our social condition, left him a young man without a profession. Devoting himself to the study of medicine, he prosecuted it with untiring assiduity, and graduated with honor. He entered upon the practice of medicine in the city of Richmond, and, with unflinching patience, unfaltering perseverance, and dauntless energy amid surroundings most discouraging, worked his way to a large and well-paying practice and a high rank in his profession.

On his proficiency in medicine and his skill as a practitioner, it does not become me to pronounce judgment. That he was both proficient and skillful is attested by his success and by his brother physicians who knew him well and were acquainted with his practice. Of his faithfulness in the discharge of his duty as a physician at whatever sacrifice to himself, his tender and heartfelt interest in his patients, his deep solicitude for them, and his unflinching sympathy with them and with those to whom they were dear, I can speak with the utmost assurance. I spent many hours going with him from home to home over which sickness had cast its shadow; and often did I know him, when suffering much himself, to visit patients from whom he neither expected nor desired pay—often did I note deep concern for those whom he had visited visible in his face—often did I look through the mist in his eyes down into his large,

loving heart and see their sorrow for others. He was not a "hireling" in his profession, ministering to the sick for pay only; he was, in and out of his profession, a warm-hearted, philanthropic man, sympathizing with men and women in their toils, hardships, sufferings, and bereavements, and constantly impelled by his generous nature to do what he could for their relief. To see the sufferer, and "pass by on the other side" was, with him, a thing impossible. He entered so thoroughly into sympathy with his fellowmen that he, as truly as any man I have ever known, could say with Paul: "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?" He was most keenly sensitive to the afflictions of others, and wrong done to them quickly roused his indignation.

Always kind himself, he had a warm and lasting appreciation of kindness shown to him. He was not a man who could "Enjoy the gift, but never mind the giver;" nor was he one of those by whom "Eaten bread is soon forgotten." Again and again did he speak of little kindnesses received by him during his time of hardship and bitter struggle; and, to the day of his death, he held in fond and grateful remembrance those who had stretched out to him a helping hand, or given him sympathy and encouragement.

He had many warm and true friends; for his whole intercourse with men was characterized by honesty, sincerity, kindness and truth—high qualities, that ever bind true men to him who possesses them and underlie all friendship that is worthy of the name. Where he gave his friendship he gave something precious indeed; for his friendship was genuine, firm and constant, reaching through sunshine and shadow alike, as true to its object as the needle to the pole.

The struggles of his youth and early manhood, though such as would chill the ardor of most and sour the temper of many men, left him unscathed. His naturally sunny spirit, made more buoyant by an abiding faith in God, was a polished shield on which the arrows shot from the bow of adverse fortune

struck and harmlessly glanced. I never saw him gloomy, and I often sought and found in his pleasant companionship a cure for despondency. His sparkling eyes, his joyous laugh, his beaming countenance, the whole tone and manner of the man showed that he keenly relished life, and caused those in his presence to forget for the time life's cares.

Relishing life thus, he naturally did not wish to die. I think there was no moment in his life when he could truly sing:

"Let me go, my soul is weary
Of the chain that binds me here."

But while he did not wish to die, he had a willingness to set aside his own desire to live and surrender his own will in obedience to the will of his Father in Heaven, which is a far higher and better thing than the wish to die.

In the providence of God he has been called from earth. This grand man, self-sacrificing physician, true friend, affectionate brother, devoted husband and loving father has fallen in the bright noon of his manhood when a future of large prosperity and great usefulness seemed just before him. The heart that was so easily touched with the feeling of other's infirmities has stilled its beatings and has been laid to rest in the quiet shades of Hollywood. But his memory will live in the hearts of those who knew him, green as the sod and fragrant as the flowers with which the warm breath of each returning spring-time will adorn his grave; and when the grand *revue* shall be sounded and those who have fought on the battle-fields of earth shall arise to answer at the roll-call of the Judgment, I believe his name will be found in the list of God's heroes.

ORANGE CO., VA.

R. C. CAVE.

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might differ with him, but you would not doubt his honesty. He was without guile.

His religious life was marked by all the features which I have mentioned as conspicuous in his general character. His convictions were clear and strong, his sympathies with his brethren fervent, his candor outspoken. Religion with him was not as Sunday raiment—only for special occasions—but it seasoned his daily speech and life. It mingled with his ministrations in the chamber of sickness, it uttered itself in the familiar intercourse of friendship, it brooded like a benediction over the privacy of his home. He delighted in the communion of saints and was glad when he could go up to the house of the Lord, but his religious life was not enclosed within the limits of that house nor did it find its full expression in the services of the public worship. His religious nature was regnant over every department of his life. He was a manly man. He lived, he died, a Christian.

J. Z. TYLER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DR. JENIFER G.
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

AND when I felt that I *must* write to the *Missionary*, the shadow of a great sorrow fell upon me—sorrow for the dead—a sorrow brought upon me by the death of Dr. JENIFER GARNETT; one of the truest of the true, and noblest of the noble, and whom I hold enbalméd in the profoundest respect and love of my heart. The memory of him will be to me a joy forever. No two persons were, I suppose, more unreserved in their mutual mind revealings than he and I in ours. I knew him thoroughly, and what I knew of him was to his honor. When tried in his sense of right, in his honor and in his friendship, he was firm and true, when many faltered and proved false. Like all souls of finest mold and highest type, he was sensitive, self-respecting, courageous, tender, honorable, respectful and steadfast. He was called into my family professionally shortly after my location in Richmond, and while he was but a novice in the practice of medicine; and all through the fourteen years of my sojourn there, he was at the bedside of all my sick ones, and ever attentive and gentle in his ministrations. And for all that service rendered, he never made a single entry of charge on his books against me. And when *we* presented him with a somewhat intrinsically valuable token of our appreciation of *him*, he received it with tears of joy, prized it above measure, and wore it to the last day that he could use it.

I have cherished the thought of a visit to Virginia—to Richmond—ever since I have been in this Western world; but, should I ever be permitted to realize that dear thought, how much of joy would I miss in not finding him there! While I would still find some that are true and noble and dear to my heart,

what a vacancy would I find in his being absent from his place in the ranks of the living! But if my personal loss is great in him as a departed friend, and brother in Christ, how much greater the loss to that noble and tenderly loved little band of disciples of Christ, the Marshall Street church, and how inestimately great the loss to his family. May the good Lord comfort them with the comfort wherewith he alone is able to comfort the grief-smitten heart!

But let us stop lingering with him in these low grounds of earth and night; let us follow by faith whither he has gone,

Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer,
Rising to the light;—

nor sorrow as those who have no hope, nor wish him back again.

J. A. DEARBORN.

LIBERTY, MO.

WE are greatly pained and deeply grieved to hear of the death of Dr. JENIFER GARNETT, of Richmond. Dr. GARNETT was the son of the late Thomas B. Garnett, of Essex county. He was a graduate of the Virginia Medical College, at Richmond, where he settled, and soon secured an extensive and lucrative practice. He was warmly beloved by all who knew him, for his tender and loving temperament, his generous charity, and Christian benevolence. He was, indeed, a young man of the noblest traits and excellencies of character. An earnest Christian, tender and affectionate as husband and parent, genial and kind in his social relations, he filled the highest type of true manhood—that of Christian gentleman.

“The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls go with thee.”

DUNNSVILLE, VA.

L. H. GARNETT.

ALTHOUGH others have written truly, tenderly and at some length of his worth and the great loss his family, the church and the community have suffered in his death, I venture to add a few lines as a tribute of love to his memory. We became acquainted in 1866 while he was a student of medicine in Richmond Medical College, and our acquaintance grew into familiar, mature and strong friendship. We boarded in the same family, ate at the same table, occupied the same room and the same bed, and were one in mutual confidence and affection. On his nuptial night I was given the place of honor among his brides'-men, and unto the hour of his death—though for years we were in different States—I shared his unfailing and increasing friendship. I knew him well and give the following words as fitly expressive of his character: "There are living organisms so transparent that we can see their hearts beating and their blood flowing through their glassy tissues." So transparent was the life of JENIFER GARNETT; "so clearly did the true nature of the man show through it. What he taught others to be, he was himself. His deep and sweet humanity won him love and reverence everywhere among those whose natures were capable of responding to the highest manifestations of character." He was noble in life and nobler in death. Let us follow him as he followed the Christ, and thus followed "the true, the beautiful and the good."

He kept the word of God as found in the following scriptures, and enjoys the rich promises they contain: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "He that

overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels." And again, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

R. LIN CAVE.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

THE sad intelligence has reached us that God in Providence has deprived you of a noble, affectionate, unanimous husband; your children of a good, kind and faithful father; the church of a worthy, zealous and faithful member; the community of a useful, industrious, honest and patriotic citizen; his profession of a cultured and high-toned gentleman, and us, his new made friends, of a generous, affable, amiable, sterling and honorable friend and acquaintance. The loss then is not single, nor dual, but manifold. I have never met any man who so endeared himself to me and intertwined himself so firmly about my heart. He struck me as a man almost without a peer in his genial nature, his affability of temperament, his social position and his gentlemanly demeanor. The world cannot afford to lose such men; they are not plentiful, their loss is deeply felt, and society suffers intensely by such a calamity. But the saddest of all is the breaking of the home circle. By such a calamity, we are compelled to look in sorrowful tears, and sighings upon the vacant chair.

E. E. S.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

HE was a dear friend and brother, and I knew I shared his confidence and affection. I knew him from his earliest days. His father and mother were my true friends. I preached the funeral of his godly mother, and baptized his father. In view of the long, intimate, and confidential relationship which existed, I claim the privilege of expressing to you my unfeigned sympathy over the grave of one so honored and useful.

RO. Y. HENLEY.

KING & QUEEN Co., VA.

I HAD set my heart much on going to the Richmond Convention. I felt that I needed the inspiration of the Spirit, which I knew would be there; and then, the pleasure of meeting again those who gathered at the Tidewater Convention last August. I had heard that the beloved Dr. GARNETT had received Hezekiah's message, and I wished to see him once more before the bright and everlasting doors closed behind him. It was not to be. The Convention came and went without me; and he—he met "the shadow feared of man,"

"Who bore him where I cannot see,
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;
And think that somewhere in the waste,
The shadow sits and waits for me."

JAMES VERNON, JR.

BALTIMORE, MD.

At a meeting of the Richmond medical profession, held December 3, 1885, the following action was taken :

If our daily avocation did not teach us the solemn lesson, the fearful and constantly-recurring gaps made by death in the ranks of the Richmond medical faculty would admonish us of the shortness and uncertainty of human life. Another of its useful and active members has just died. Dr. JENIFER GARNETT, a faithful laborer in the battle against disease, has fallen a victim to the fell destroyer, * * * and we meet together to do honor to his memory ; therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That the physicians of Richmond greatly deplore the untimely end of their deceased brother, Dr. JENIFER GARNETT, who, after long years of patient labor, has made for himself both many friends and patients, who now unite with us in lamenting our great loss.

2. We offer to his widow and family our profoundest sympathy in their affliction, and as an evidence of our respect, will attend his funeral in a body.

3. That these resolutions be published in the *Virginia Medical Monthly*, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

JOHN R. WHEAT, *Secretary*.

AT a meeting of the officers of Marshall-Street Christian church, held on the second Lord's-day of December, 1885, the following resolutions were approved by all most heartily, and being read to the church were unanimously adopted by a rising vote of all the members:

Whereas it has pleased our God to remove from our presence and companionship our beloved brother, Dr. JENIFER GARNETT; and whereas we are reminded by his decease of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we bow with reverence and Christian resignation to the will of our Heavenly Father, in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

2. That we sincerely mourn the loss of this deacon, who was a faithful officer of the church, ever prepared with willing heart and ready hands to discharge his duties.

3. That we recognize his efficiency and faithfulness as a Christian, and while we deplore his departure and shall greatly miss him, we confidently believe that our loss is his eternal gain.

4. That we will cherish his memory in our hearts, and strive to imitate the virtues which adorned his life.

5. That we assure the family of our dearly-beloved brother of our tenderest sympathies, and most fervently entreat our Heavenly Father to sanctify this bitter bereavement to their highest spiritual good.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be sent this week by our clerk to this afflicted family, be transcribed in our church-book, and published in the *Atlantic Missionary*.

WM. H. CLEMMITT,	}	<i>Elders.</i>
WM. F. FOX,		
S. N. TYLER,		
JAMES W. WHITE,	}	<i>Deacons.</i>
THOS. J. BOWLES,		
F. T. SUTTON,		
GEO. C. WHITE,		
THOS. CLEMMITT, JR.,		

THE funeral of the lamented Dr. JENIFER GARNETT took place yesterday evening at 3:15 o'clock from the Seventh Street Christian church. It was the occasion of an imposing outpouring of his friends and a deserving tribute to departed worth. The large church was packed with an interested congregation.

The services were taken part in by Rev. Messrs. Cutler, Pettigrew and Lobengier. The first named, who was the pastor of the deceased, preached an appropriately impressive sermon. During its delivery many persons were affected to tears.

The funeral was largely attended by the medical fraternity, R. E. Lee Camp, Syracuse Lodge, K. of P., the Chosen Friends and other Orders of which the deceased was an honored member.

There was a large display of flowers, one design requiring two men to bear it. The remains were followed to Hollywood by one of the largest Saturday processions ever seen in the city. Among the pall-bearers were Doctors Tompkins and Wellford, Col. John B. Cary, Charles McGruder, W. H. Clemmitt, C. W. Clemmitt, James White and George White.

The opening hymn was "Rock of Ages," the closing one "Jesus Lover of My Soul," both favorites of the deceased. Although it was nearly night when the procession reached Hollywood, quite a concourse was found collected at the grave waiting patiently to do honor to his memory.

Dr. GARNETT was universally beloved, and will be sincerely mourned by the entire community.

THE STATE, Dec'r 6, '86.

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